

SMILIN' ED'S OWN  
BUSTER BROWN

BOOK  
No 8

# COMICS

SHANGHAIED  
LEOPARD MEN  
INDIAN TREATY

*Kids* Listen in every Saturday morning  
WMAQ 11:30 A.M.

*Lord's*

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS





## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the Golden Age and Silver Age of comics. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Many covers feature iconic characters like Jerry the mouse, Looney Tunes characters, and various superheroes. In the center of the collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect. The overall aesthetic is colorful and nostalgic, representing a collection of classic comic book art.



HEY, KIDS,  
 now you can hear my  
 funny songs on Capitol records...  
 60¢



This is something brand new, buddies. If you have a phonograph at home, now you can hear my funny songs as often as you like. Cause Midnight and Squeaky and Froggy and I have been putting them on records.

By this time, the record shop in your town will have the first one... "The Doctor Song" and "Funny Things." It comes in the envelope you see above with all our

pictures on it. And we're busy right now making lots more for you.

I hope you have fun with them, buddies. And be sure to listen to our Buster Brown Gang every Saturday morning on the air.

Yours for good fun.

*Smilin' Ed*

# INDIAN TREATY

**P**EACE IS A PRECIOUS THING,  
OFTEN PAID FOR IN THE  
HIGH PRICE OF HUMAN LIFE. MEN  
OFTEN HAD TO WAGE WAR AND SPILL  
BLOOD IN ORDER TO MAKE PEACE.  
HERE IS THE STORY OF A WAR THAT  
MIGHT HAVE BEEN AVOIDED, BUT  
FOR THE GREED AND CUNNING  
OF ONE MAN —

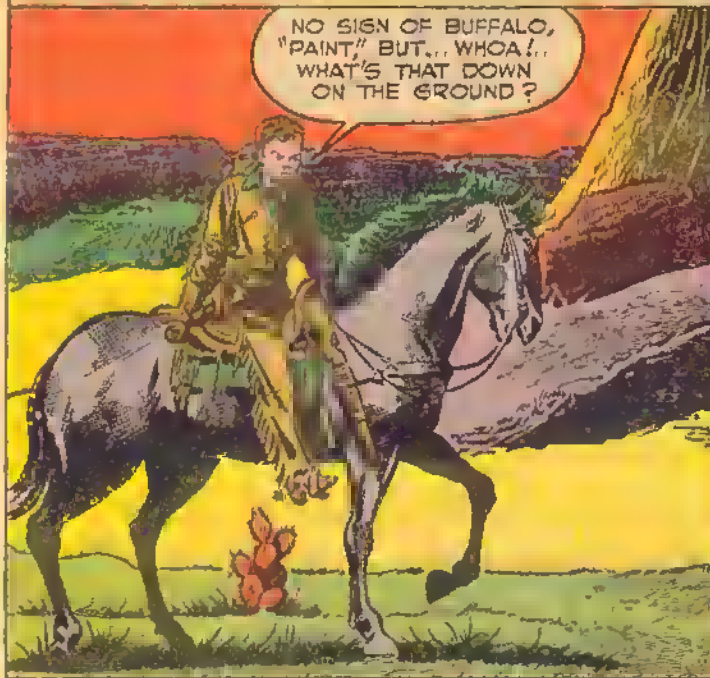


All Stories in This Book by HOBART DONOVAN

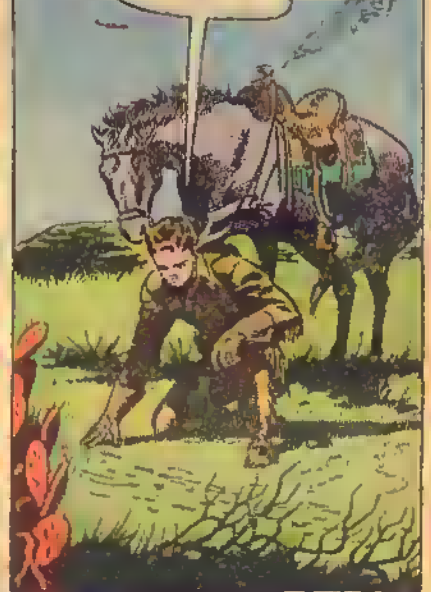


BILLY STALEY, SON OF A FRONTIER ARMY COLONEL, IS OUT ON THE PRAIRIE, SCANNING THE HORIZON FOR SIGN OF BUFFALO...

NO SIGN OF BUFFALO, "PAINT," BUT... WHOA!! WHAT'S THAT DOWN ON THE GROUND?



INDIAN TRAIL! AND THAT'S A WAR PARTY OR I DON'T KNOW MY SIGN! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO DAD PRONTO!



MEANWHILE, AT COLONEL STALEY'S OFFICE AT FORT BRENNER....

MR. CALEB FORBES, SIR!

HOWDY, COLONEL STALEY! YOU SENT FOR ME?

YES, COME IN MR. FORBES!

I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK! CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD AND I ARE BOTH ANXIOUS FOR PEACE! BUT THE YOUNG CHIEF, PANTHER CLAW, CONTINUES TO LEAD RAIDING PARTIES ON THE SETTLERS!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?



YOU KNOW PANTHER CLAW WELL! PERHAPS YOU CAN PERSUADE HIM TO STOP THIS KILLING AT ONCE! A PEACE TREATY IS ON IT'S WAY NOW! OUR GOVERNMENT ACCEPTED THE TREATY I MADE WITH THUNDERCLOUD!

WHAT? THE TREATY'S BEEN MADE?







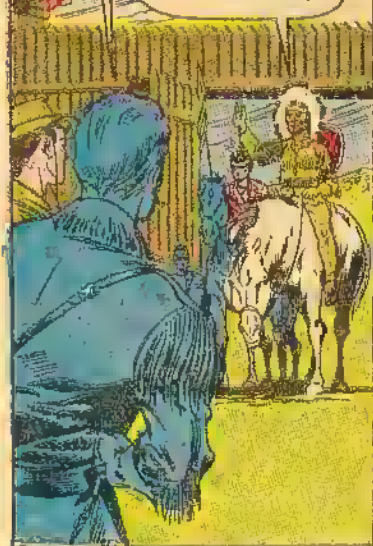
BACK AT FORT BRENNER,  
UNDER A FALSE HOPE  
OF COMING PEACE, MANY  
PRAIRIE FREIGHTERS  
ARRIVE TO AWAIT THE  
SIGNING OF THE TREATY  
BEFORE CONTINUING ON  
THEIR WAY. FORT BRENNER  
BECAME A VAULT OF  
VALUABLE MERCHANDISE.



THAT AFTERNOON, AN INDIAN  
ENVOY VISITS THE POST...

CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD!  
THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED  
PLEASURE!

HOW, COLONEL  
STALEY! YOU NO  
COME WITH PEACE  
PAPER! THAT  
NO GOOD!



YOUNG MEN SAY WHITE  
MEN TRICK US! NO PEACE  
PAPER! YOUNG WARRIORS  
SAY FOLLOW WAR TRAIL!!  
WHAT TO DO, WHITE  
FRIEND?



THE PAPER SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN HERE LONG AGO!  
BILLY, GET A FEW SCOUTS  
AND SCAN THE COUNTRY-  
SIDE FOR ANY SIGN OF  
THE RIDER! WE **MUST**  
GET THAT PAPER!

I WILL TRY TO  
EXPLAIN TO MY  
PEOPLE, COLONEL!

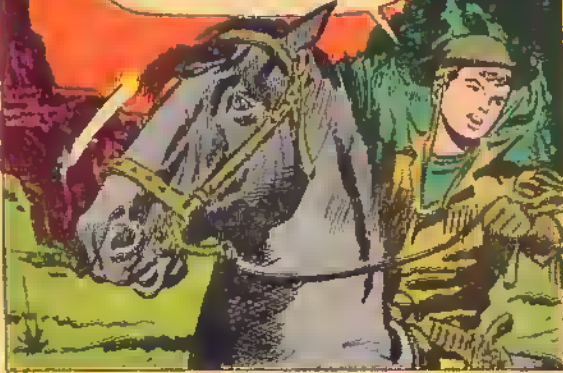
YES,  
DAD!





IN A SHORT WHILE, THE SCOUTS SPREAD OUT ACROSS THE PRAIRIE IN THEIR SEARCH...

HO, PAINT! I THINK I SEE SOMETHING OVER IN THAT FOLIAGE!



GOSH... THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER... AND BADLY WOUNDED! C'MON, PAINT! WE HAVE TO GET HIM BACK TO THE FORT!



BILLY RUSHES THE RIDER TO THE FORT, WHERE HIS WOUNDS ARE DRESSED, AND HE IS REVIVED...

FOUGHT 'EM... TOO MANY... INDIANS... ONE WHITE MAN... BROKE OPEN MAIL BAG! DIDN'T GET TREATY... HIDDEN... IN MY BOOT!

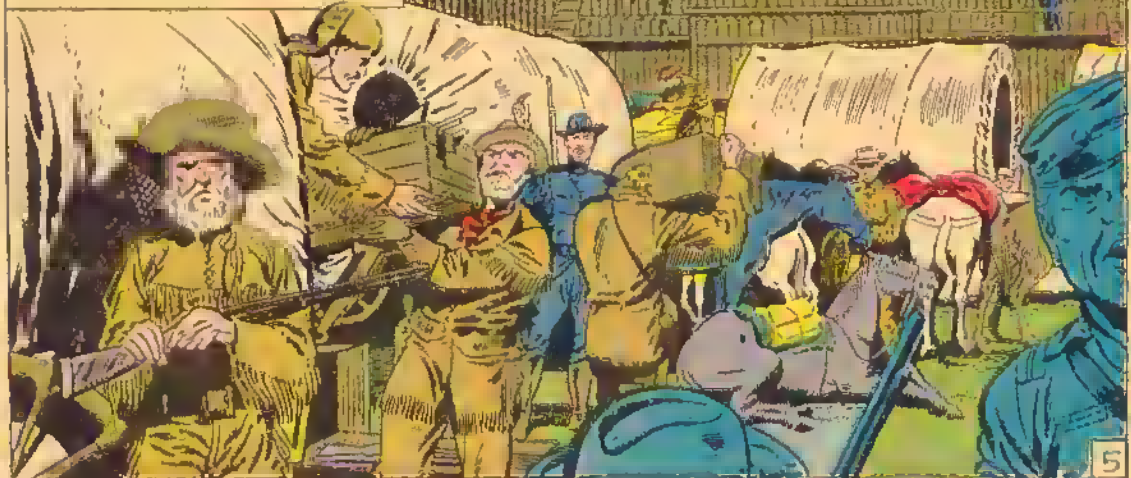


THIS IS IT! THE INDIANS MUST HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS DELIVERED, WHEN THEY DIDN'T FIND IT! AND THEY'LL PROBABLY GO ON THE WARPATH SOON!

SON... I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! AND WITH ALL THE VALUABLE CARGOES IN THE FORT, MY BET IS... THEY'LL ATTACK HERE!



FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED, SAYS AN OLD PROVERB, AND COL. STALEY IS FOREWARNED!





AND THE PREPARATIONS  
ARE NOT MADE TOO SOON!

ALRIGHT, PANTHER CLAW!  
START THE ATTACK!

PANTHER CLAW SIGNALS... AND  
IN A FEW MOMENTS THE FORT IS  
A SCENE OF BLOODY BATTLE!

**WAR!**

WEST WING  
HOLDING UP  
WELL, SIR!  
THEY'RE  
DOING FAR  
WORSE THAN  
WE ARE!

THERE ARE  
GOING TO  
BE LOTS  
OF DEAD  
INDIANS OUT  
THERE TODAY!

THAT'S THE  
SHAME OF IT ALL!  
WE HAVE A TREATY  
READY TO SIGN  
AND WE'RE  
KILLING EACH  
OTHER INSTEAD!

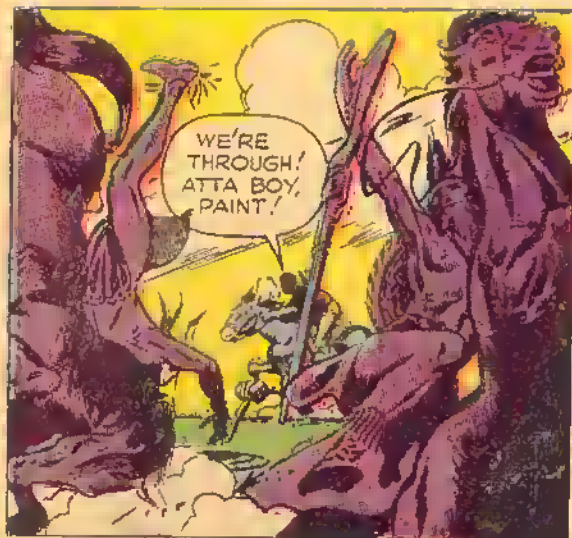
BILLY'S SHARP EARS TAKE IN EVERY WORD  
AND HE HAS A PLAN OF HIS OWN. HE  
TAKES THE TREATY FROM HIS DAD'S DESK  
AND SADDLES "PAINT"...

THIS HAD BETTER  
WORK, PAINT!





THIS IS SUICIDE, BUT  
WE HAVE TO CRASH  
THEIR LINES!



WE'RE  
THROUGH!  
ATTA BOY,  
PAINT!



CALEB FORBES!  
SO HE'S BEHIND  
ALL THIS!

CRACK!



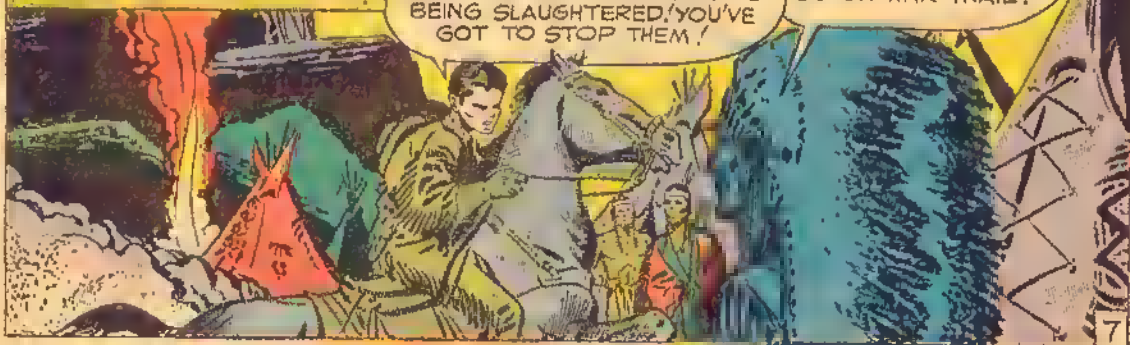
THIS IS HOW  
ALL TRAITORS  
END, FORBES!

CRACK!

BILLY SPEEDS ON, AND SOON  
LOSES A FEW INDIAN PURSUERS...  
IN A FEW MOMENTS HE  
REACHES THE INDIAN VILLAGE...

CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD!  
PANTHER CLAW AND HIS  
YOUNG WARRIORS ARE  
ATTACKING THE FORT! THEY'RE  
BEING SLAUGHTERED! YOU'VE  
GOT TO STOP THEM!

UH! ME KNOW! ME TRY  
STOP THEM! THEY SAY  
NO PEACE PAPER...  
GO ON WAR TRAIL!



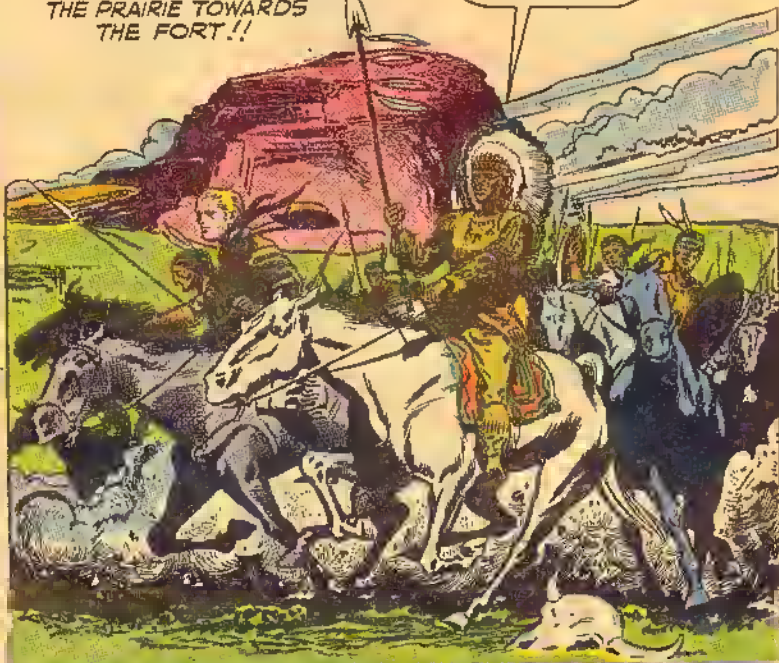


BUT I HAVE  
THE PEACE  
TREATY **HERE!**

PEACE  
PAPER! LONG  
TIME WAIT FOR  
THIS! NOW WE  
STOP WAR!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, ALL  
OF THE ELDER WARRIORS  
IN CAMP ARE SUMMONED,  
AND THEY STORM ACROSS  
THE PRAIRIE TOWARDS  
THE FORT!!

WE HURRY!  
WE STOP  
BLOODSHED!

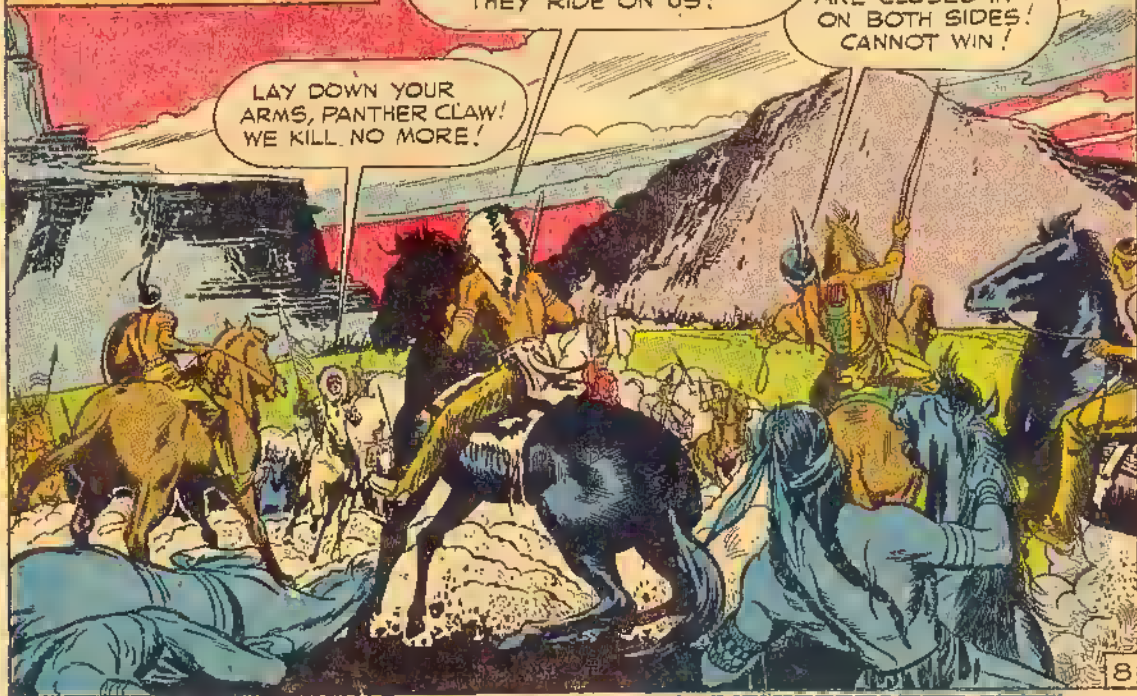


SOON, THE WARRING INDIANS  
TURN TO FIND THEIR OWN  
TRIBESMEN ENCIRCLING THEM!  
CAUGHT IN A SANDWICH, THEY  
ARE RENDERED HELPLESS—

CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD  
AND THE ELDER WARRIORS!  
THEY RIDE ON US!

ARE CLOSED IN  
ON BOTH SIDES!  
CANNOT WIN!

LAY DOWN YOUR  
ARMS, PANTHER CLAW!  
WE KILL NO MORE!





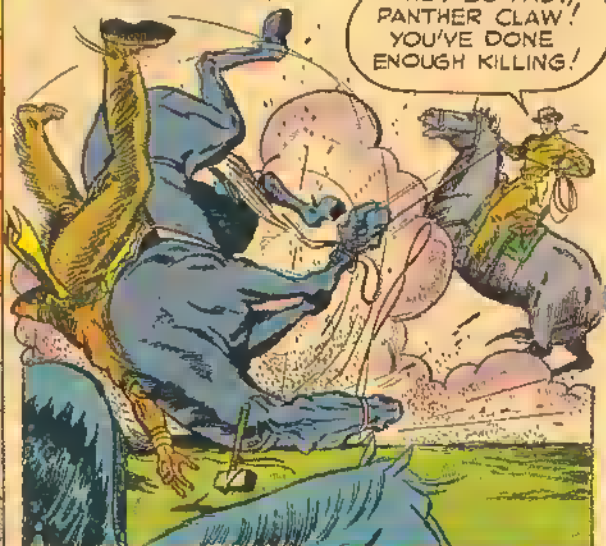
AS THE WARRING INDIANS ARE FORCED TO CEASE FIGHTING, PANTHER CLAW GOES BERSERK...

CHIEF THUNDER-  
CLOUD  
TRAITOR!  
ME KILL!



...BUT BILLY ACTS QUICKLY!

NOT SO FAST,  
PANTHER CLAW!  
YOU'VE DONE  
ENOUGH KILLING!



LOOK.. HE  
LANDED ON  
THAT BROKEN  
SPEAR ON  
THE GROUND!  
IT WENT RIGHT  
THROUGH HIM!

IT IS AS  
IT SHOULD  
BE! HE  
WAS EVIL!  
HE DIED  
BY HIS  
OWN  
EVIL!



HEAR, MY TRIBESMEN!  
PANTHER CLAW HAS  
BETRAYED US AND SHOWN  
HIS TREACHERY! HERE IS  
THE PAPER OF PEACE!  
LONG SINCE PEACE WOULD  
BE WITH US, BUT FOR HIM,  
IT WAS HE WHO SHOT PONY  
EXPRESS RIDER! THE BOY  
FOUND THE PEACE PAPER!  
NOW WE CAN STOP EVIL  
BLOODSHED FOREVER!



NOW THUNDERCLOUD  
HAPPY! MY PEOPLE  
LIVE IN PEACE  
WITH YOUR  
PEOPLE!

YES, AND  
IT'S MY  
HOPE THAT  
THE MEN WHO  
FOLLOW ME WILL  
BE WISE AND  
JUST IN THEIR  
DEALINGS WITH  
YOU, MY FRIEND!



AND SO, PEACE FINALLY COMES  
TO THE INDIAN COUNTRY! THE  
FRONTIERS GREW IN WEALTH AND  
GREATNESS, AND WHITE AND RED  
MEN LEARNED TO LIVE WITH ONE  
ANOTHER AS BROTHER WITH  
BROTHER — IN PEACE AND  
HARMONY!



# I'm a Spizzerinktum



In a

## CHORUS



base-ball game I al-ways use the north pole for a bat, And my  
ev-er I play foot-ball I reach up and grab the sun, And go  
base-ball is the good old moon, my foot-ball is the sun, I play



ball is just the big old moon a-bove, use  
rac-ing thru the hea-vens for the goal, You should  
mar-bles with the lit-tle stars a-bove, When I.



all the stars for bas-es, now what do you think of that? And the  
hear the pla-nets yell-ing ev'-ry time I make a run, Down on  
want to box or wres-tle with a pla-net just for fun, I just



flee-cy clouds are dan-dy for a glove. I  
earth it sounds like thun-der I am told. And  
give that big old Mars a lit-tle shove, I



al-ways knock a home-run 'cause at hat-ting I'm a fright, And  
when I kick the sun a mil-lion miles a-bove a star, You'll  
ride up-on a com-et ten times fas-ter than a plane, And





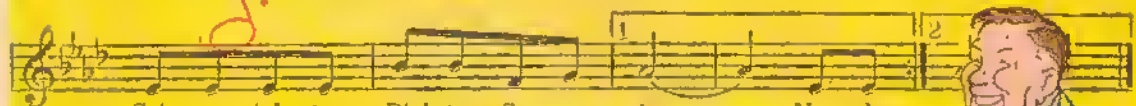
# Dinktum Superdoo



if you don't be-...lieve me just you look out - side some night If  
know I'm play - ing foot - ball 'cause no mat - ter where you are, It  
in the old big dip - per I go swim - ming, I'll ex - plain, Some



you can't see the moon it's 'cause I smacked it out of sight, I'm a  
al - ways caus - es night-time when I, kick the sun too far, I'm a  
times I tip the dip - per, then you al - ways get the rain, I'm a



Spirz - er - ink - tum Dink-tum Sup - er - ...doo.

Now when -  
Oh, my



**HEY KIDS!** For fun, songs and stories listen to Smilin' Ed and his Buster Brown Gang every Saturday morning on your local N. B. C. station.

# SHANGHAI

THE BARBARY COAST!! HAVEN OF SAN FRANCISCO'S LOWEST ROGUES AND CUT-THROATS WHO WOULD SELL THEIR SOULS FOR A PIECE OF GOLD!

MANY A GOLD PIECE WAS ILL-GOTTEN ON THE DELIVERY OF SOME UNWARY SEAMAN WHO WAS SHANG-HAIED FOR THE SEA AND FORCED TO WORK OR STARVE.

AMONG THE UNSCRUPULOUS CHARACTERS OF THE BARBARY COAST, SALTY SALTON, A TAVERN KEEPER, WAS ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS!



MISTER SALTY SALTON?

THAT'S ME, BUCKO!

I AM HOW CHONG! IT HAS BEEN TOLD ME THAT YOU ARE A CLEVER CRIMP! SUCH A JOB I WANT YOU TO DO! I WISH YOU TO CAPTURE THE DAUGHTER OF WANG LUNG, NAME OF MEI LOO!

NOTHIN' DOIN'! HE'S ONE OF THE BEST LOVED MEN IN TOWN! MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH A NICKEL!

HA! IT WILL BE WORTH MUCH MORE! I WISH TO MARRY MEI LOO IN HONG KONG! IF YOU PUT HER ON BOAT GOING THERE, I PAY YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR!

NOW YE'RE TALKIN'! BULLY MOORE'S SHIP THE MARY 'B', SAILS F'R HONG KONG AT MIDNIGHT! GOTTA SHANGHAI A COUPLE'A HANDS F'R HIM! I'LL GET TH' GIRL ABOARD TOO!





FEEL BETTER AFTER EATING! LET'S HIKE ALONG THE DOCK AND SEE IF THERE'S A SHIP GOOD ENOUGH TO SIGN ON, KIT!

GOOD IDEA, CHET!

THERE'S YER TWO HANDS F'R BULLY MOORE, BUSHY! THEN Y'KIN GET THE CHINESE GIRL!

RIGHTO, BOSS! C'MON, MOUSEY!

AND SO, THE JACKALS STALK THEIR PREY!



THAT NIGHT, JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT...

YE BULLY MOORE? HERE'S WHAT YE'RE WAITIN' FER!

GOOD! GET 'EM ALL ON BOARD! FAST NOW... THE TIDE'S GOIN' OUT!



SHANGHAI, KIDNAPPING! THE VICIOUS MAN TAKES WHAT HE WANTS ON THE BARBARY COAST! THIS WAS THE LAW OF THE LAWLESS!

BULLY MOORE SAILED OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY ON THE TIDE....



...AND BY MID-MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY, THE MARY "B" WAS FAR OUT AT SEA...

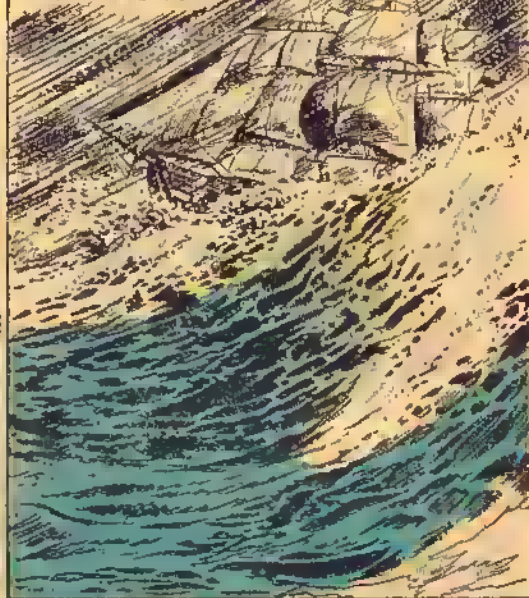
ALL RIGHT, MEN! YUH KNOW IT NOW! YUH BEEN SHANGHAIED! AN' THAT MEANS... WORK OR STARVE! IF Y'WORK, GOOD WAGES AT THE END OF THE VOYAGE... IF NOT, THE BRIG OR WORSE! WHAT'LL IT BE?

MIGHT AS WELL WORK!

AN' MAKE THE BEST O' THINGS!



SHANGHAIED OR SIGNED ON, ALL HANDS ARE HARD AT WORK, FOR THE SEA IS ROUGH WITH A FULL WIND BLOWING INTO THE SAILS, AND SECURING THE RIGGING IS A MAN'S WORK...



BUT THAT NIGHT IN THE P.O.C'SLE THE SHANGHAIED SAILORS MADE PLANS...

WITH THIS STORM BLOWIN' THE WATCH'LL BE BUSY! I SAY WE CAN TAKE OVER THE SHIP AN' BRING HER BACK TO PORT! MUTINY IT MAY BE, BUT BEING SHANGHAIED IS JUST AS ILLEGAL!

'AT'S RIGHT, CHET! ME, I'M WITH YOU!

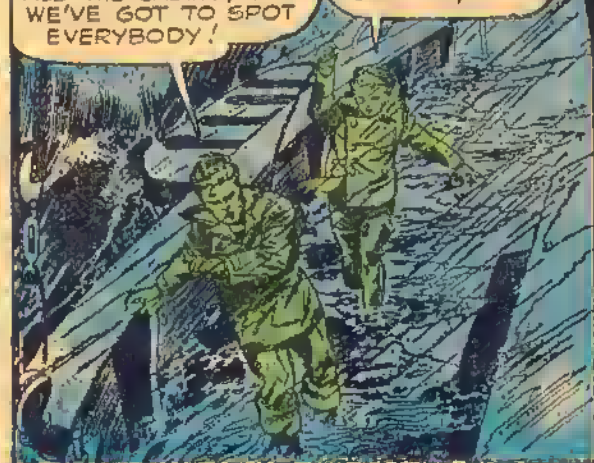
ME, TOO!



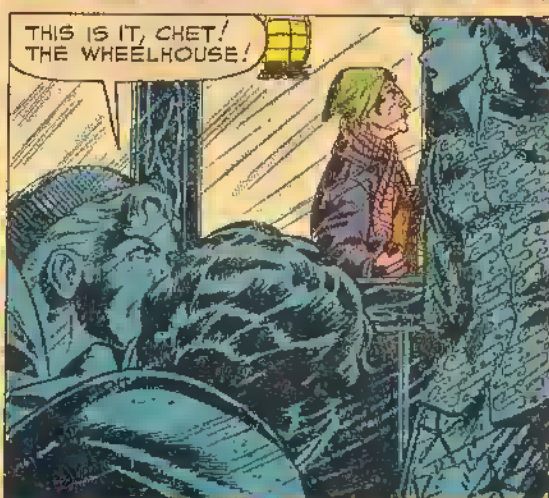
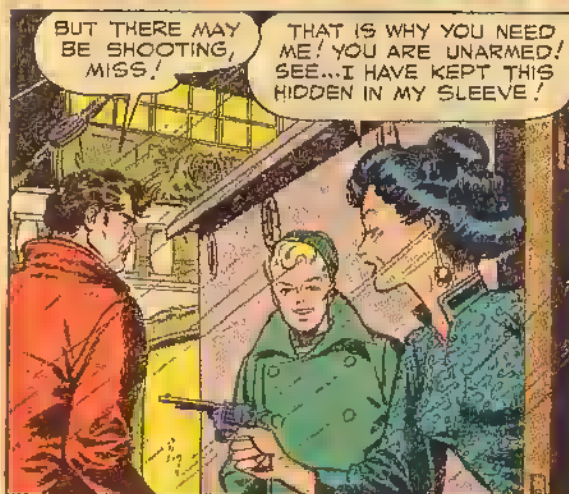
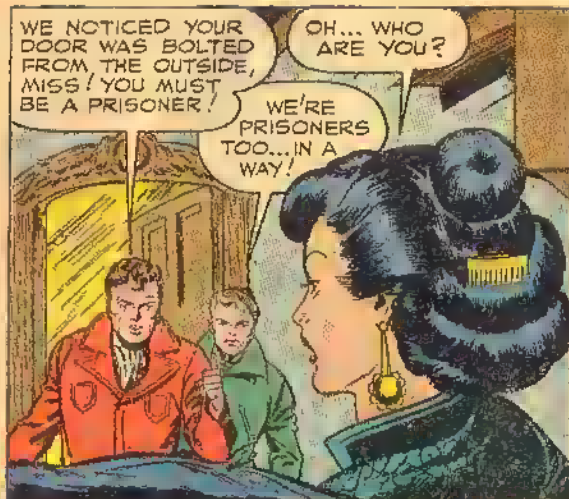
AYE! I'M FOR IT!

WE'LL LOOK THROUGH ALL THE CABINS, KIT! WE'VE GOT TO SPOT EVERYBODY!

YEAH... BUT GO CAREFUL, CHET!









AT A SIGNAL FROM CHET, THE SHANGHAIED SEAMEN POUR INTO THE CHART ROOM. THE RIFLE CLOSET IS JACKED OPEN, AND ARMS ARE PASSED AROUND...

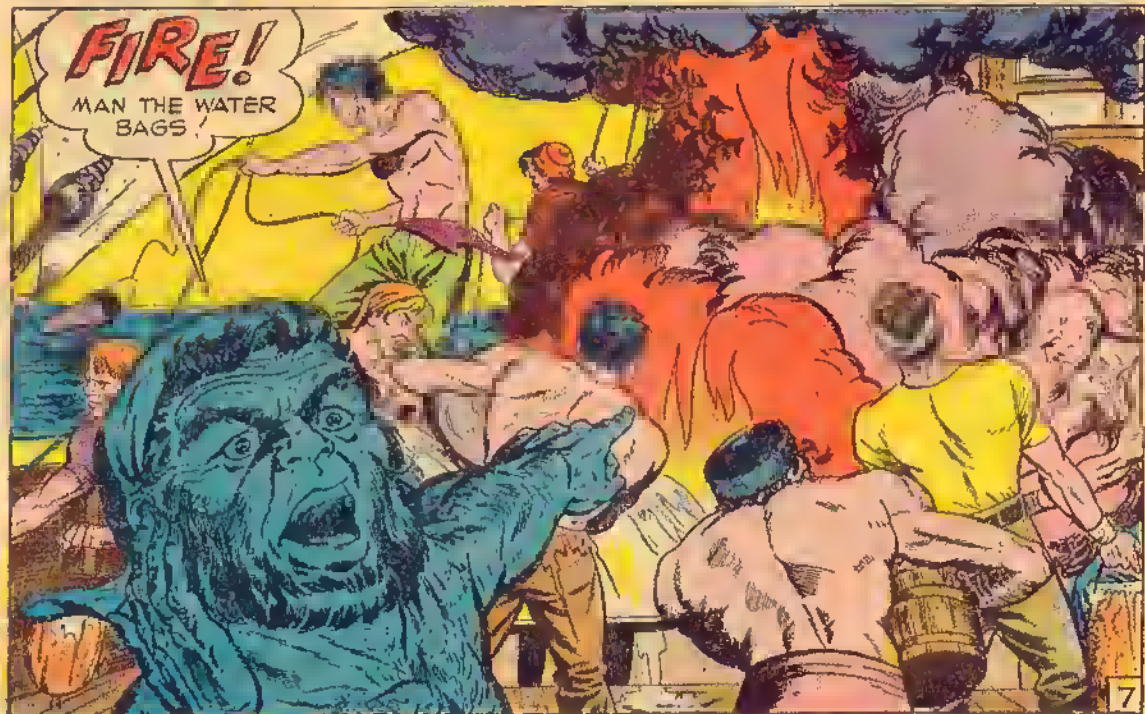
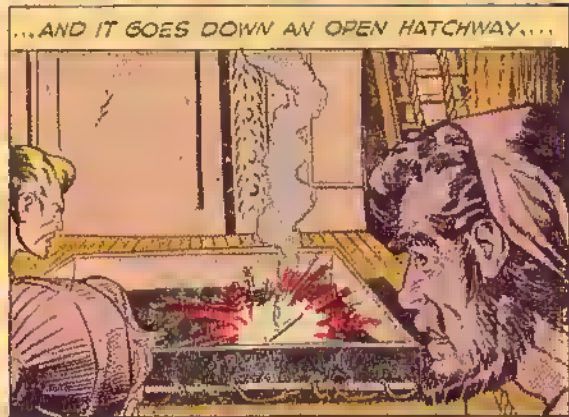
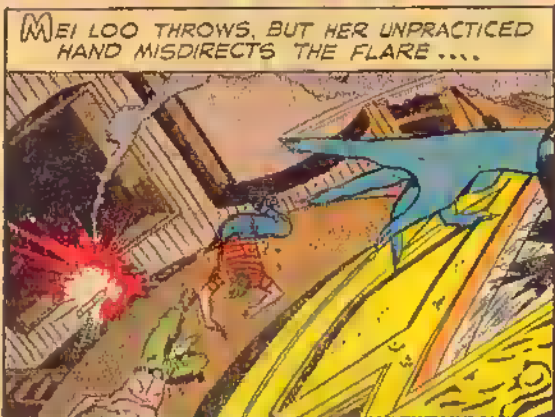
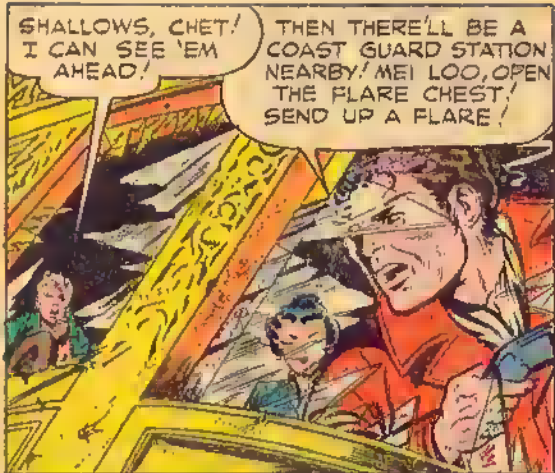


CAPTAIN MOORE IS AWAKENED FROM HIS SLEEP...

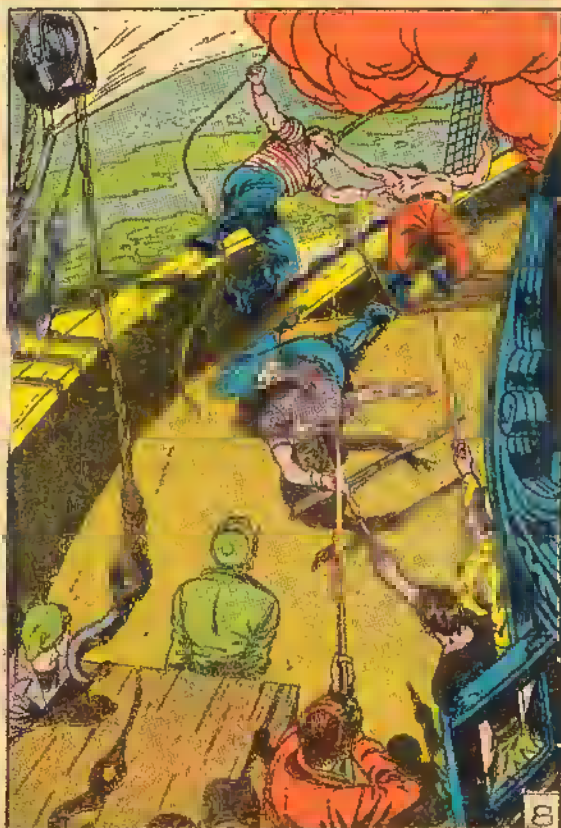


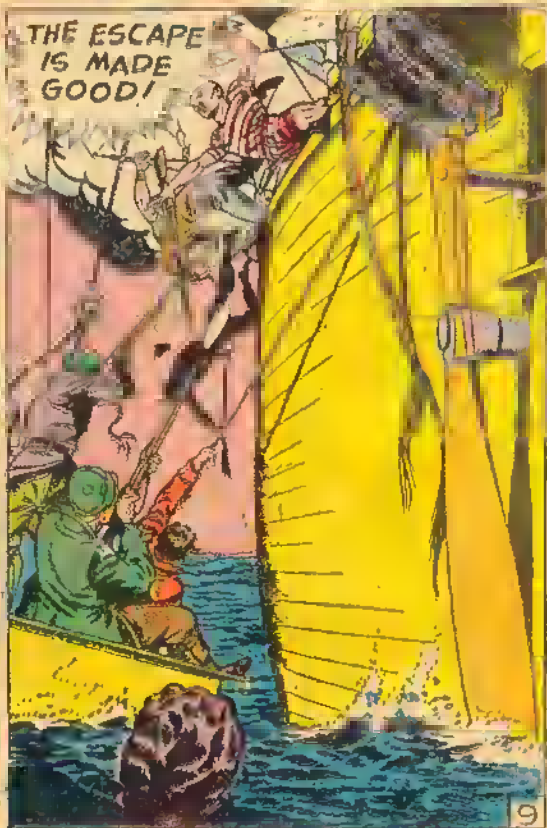




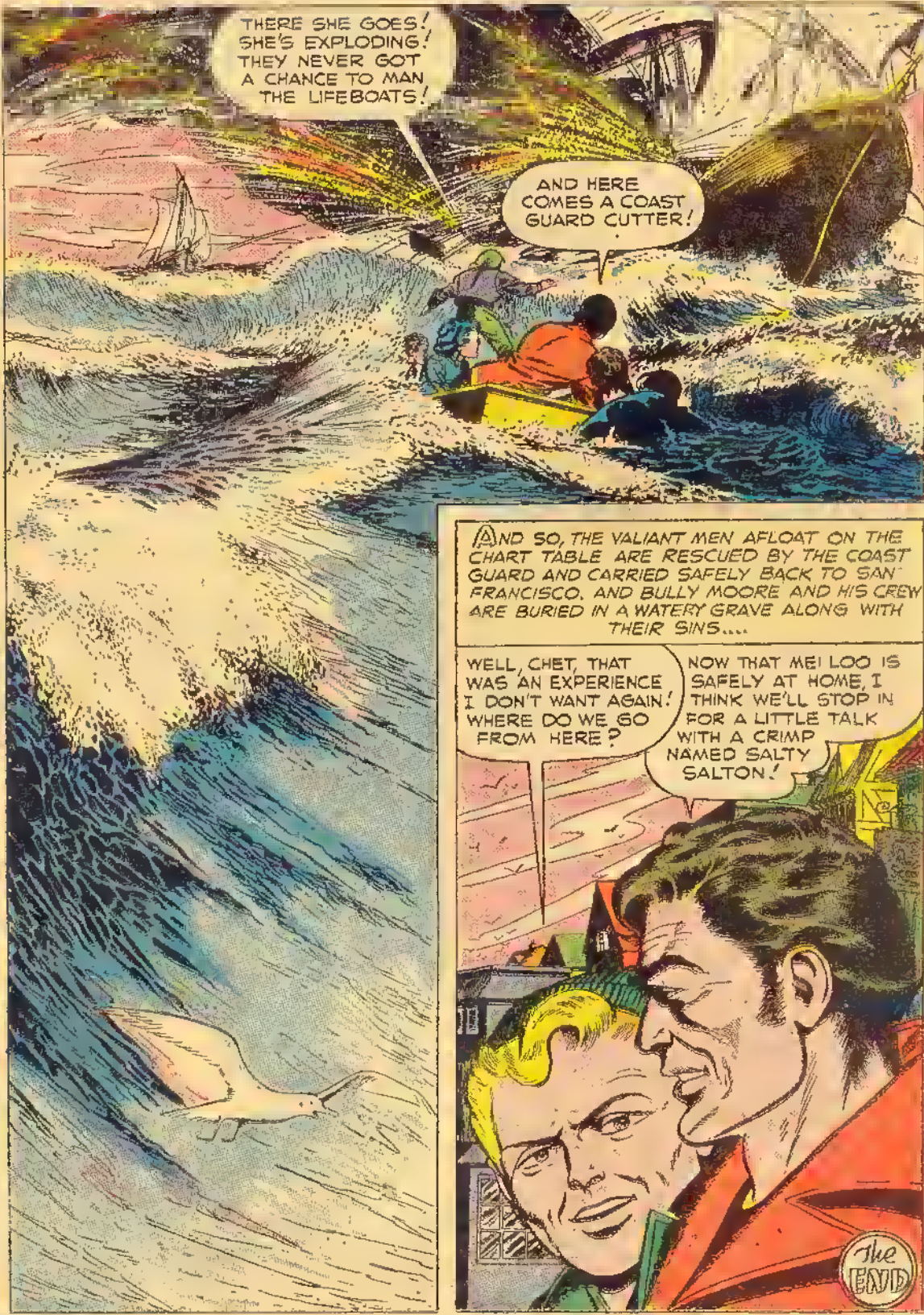












THERE SHE GOES!  
SHE'S EXPLODING!  
THEY NEVER GOT  
A CHANCE TO MAN  
THE LIFEBOATS!

AND HERE  
COMES A COAST  
GUARD CUTTER!

AND SO, THE VALIANT MEN AFLOAT ON THE  
CHART TABLE ARE RESCUED BY THE COAST  
GUARD AND CARRIED SAFELY BACK TO SAN  
FRANCISCO. AND BULLY MOORE AND HIS CREW  
ARE BURIED IN A WATERY GRAVE ALONG WITH  
THEIR SINS....

WELL, CHET, THAT  
WAS AN EXPERIENCE  
I DON'T WANT AGAIN!  
WHERE DO WE GO  
FROM HERE?

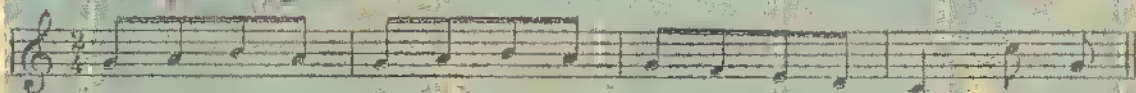
NOW THAT MEI LOO IS  
SAFELY AT HOME, I  
THINK WE'LL STOP IN  
FOR A LITTLE TALK  
WITH A CRIMP  
NAMED SALTY  
SALTON!

The  
END

# JIGGLESNIGGLE

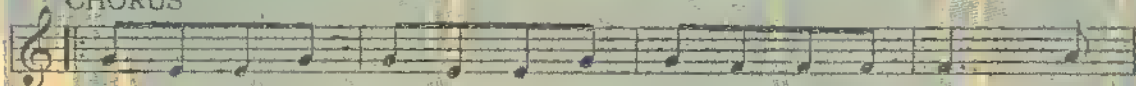
and

# PIGGLEDIGGLE



Now

## CHORUS



in our town we have two fun - ny neigh - bors on our street. They  
cat you bring from up there down or bust I vill your chin Your  
mis - ter Jig - gle - - - snig - gle said: "It's bet - ter out you look. For



do not speak our lang - uage well, to hear them is a  
dog - gie's tail vill I get hold and yank him out - side  
mad - der still I'm get - ting yet, such talk I vill not



treat And when old Jig - gle - - - snig - gle and old  
in. For why your dog should chase my cat when  
took. If not you think I a - - - - - fraid I am, your



Pig - gle - - dig - gle meet. They get in - - to such ar - - - gu - ments you  
he's no buc - ness got? So mad that hound he makes me yet I'm  
yard in - side come out. And quick your lip she clos - es ven it



ne - - - ver heard the beat. When Pig - gle - dig - gle's dog - gie chased old  
in - side get - ting hot. Then mis - ter Pig - gle - - - dig - gle said: "To  
gets - vun - in - der Then mis - ter Pig - gle - - - dig - gle said: "Such





Jig - gle - snig - gle's cat Way up on Pig - gle's dig - gle's roof you  
me you - lis - ten goose My this - kers mit your hand I'll grab and  
talk it bet - ter stop Or quick my tem - per los - es yet and



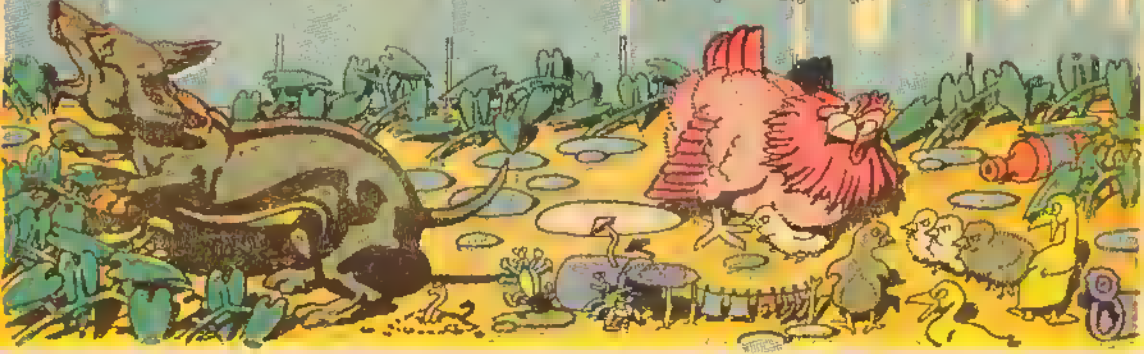
bet there was a spat Old Jig - gle - snig - gle got so mad he  
quick I won't turn loose Your cat she keeps my yard out - side my  
gives it vunce a popp The neigh - bors laugh them - selves to death for




near - ly lost his head And all the neigh - bors gig - gled when old  
roof up - stairs stay down, If ev - er comes a - - - gain your cat she  
it is just a wow Each time we have a Jig - gle - snig - gle



Jig - gle - snig - gle said "My  
vakes up in der ground." Then  
Pig gle dig gle row.



# LEOPARD MEN

A full-page illustration depicting a tense moment in a jungle. In the foreground, a young man with blonde hair, wearing a light-colored short-sleeved shirt and shorts, is running towards the right with a look of alarm. Behind him, a leopard is lunging forward, its mouth open in a pounce. In the background, a man in a white shirt and dark pants is running away from the viewer towards a large, gnarled tree. The scene is set in a dense jungle with large trees, hanging vines, and various tropical plants. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

DEEP AND DARK  
ARE THE MYSTERIES  
OF AFRICA... AND ONLY  
ONE WHO HAS KNOWN THE  
TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE  
CAN FEEL THE SUSPENSE  
THAT HANGS OVER IT. FOR  
HERE DEATH STRIKES SUDDEN-  
LY AND WITHOUT WARNING,  
MEN CAN BE THE HUNTED  
PREY OF ANIMALS...AND  
SOMETIMES THE  
ANIMALS ARE ALL  
TOO HUMAN!!



**O**N A GREAT AMERICAN RUBBER PLANTATION DEEP IN AFRICA, THE MANAGER, FRED COLLINS, HIS SON PAUL, AND THE HEADMAN, BOLU, START ON THEIR REGULAR TOUR OF INSPECTION.

THINGS ARE RUNNING VERY SMOOTHLY, DAD!

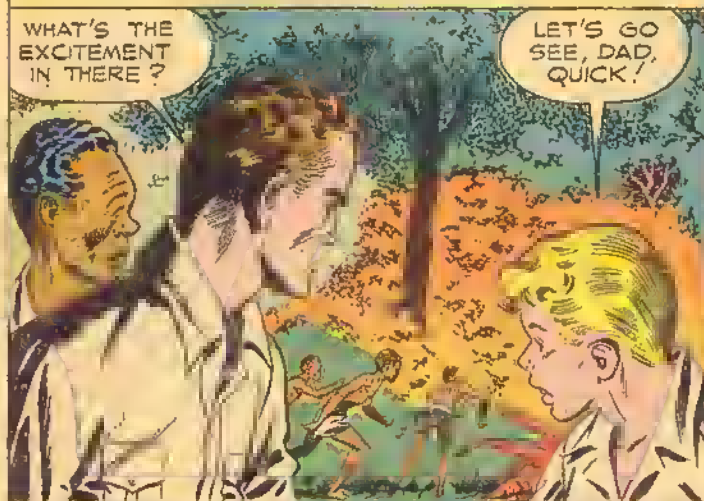
YES, PAUL—AND IF IT CONTINUES, WE'LL HAVE A VERY PROSPEROUS YEAR!



**S**UDDENLY THE PEACEFUL PLANTATION SCENE IS DISTURBED BY TERRIBLE SCREAMS FROM THE DENSE JUNGLE NEARBY...

WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT IN THERE?

LET'S GO SEE, DAD, QUICK!



IT'S NODANG... HE'S HURT... BUT WHAT CAUSED THESE TERRIBLE WOUNDS?

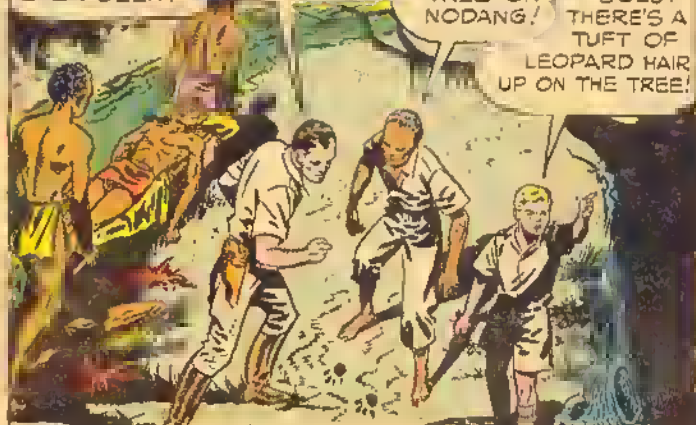
ME KNOW, BWANA COLLINS, ...ARE **LEOPARD CLAW WOUNDS!**



**G**REAT SCOTT! THAT'S THE BIGGEST LEOPARD TRACK I'VE EVER SEEN!

LEOPARD JUMP FROM TREE ON NODANG! THERE'S A TUFT OF LEOPARD HAIR UP ON THE TREE!

THAT'S RIGHT, BOLU!



LET'S GET OUT THE RIFLES, PAUL! WE'RE GOING ON A LEOPARD HUNT!



MEANWHILE, HIDDEN AWAY IN A DENSE SECTION OF THE JUNGLE, A DOZEN MILES FROM THE PLANTATION, IS WHAT LOOKS LIKE A PEACEFUL NATIVE VILLAGE. AND INSIDE ONE OF THE GRASS HUTS SIT TWO MEN... ONE IS WHITE... THE OTHER A NATIVE WITCH DOCTOR.

...AND THEN THE LEOPARD GOT HIM, EH, DANGO?

YES, BWANA BURKETT! LEOPARD DROP FROM TREE... LAND ON SHOULDERS... CLAW UP PLENTY! HIM NOT WANT TO TAP RUBBER ANY MORE AFTER THAT!



GOOD WORK, DANGO. DON'T KILL ANY OF THE BLIGHTERS! SEE THAT THEY'RE CLAWED PLENTY AND LET 'EM GO! THEY'LL TALK TO THE OTHERS AND SOON THERE WON'T BE A NATIVE WHO'LL WORK ON THAT PLANTATION! THEN... MY PEOPLE'LL BUY THAT SECTION FOR A SONG.

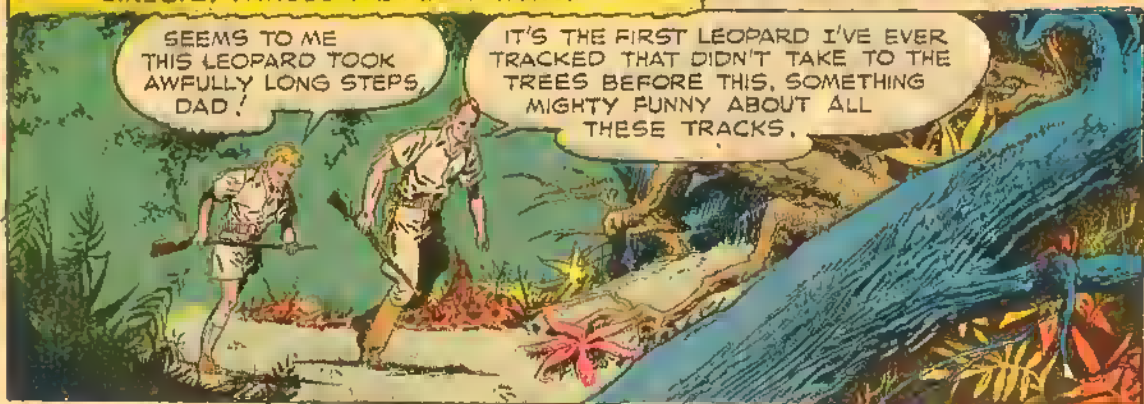
THEN DANGO GET PLENTY OF MONEY, EH?...NOW THE LEOPARD GOES AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, PAUL AND HIS DAD, ARMED WITH THEIR HIGH-POWERED RIFLES, RETURN TO THE PLACE OF THE ATTACK, AND FOLLOW THE TRAIL WHICH LEADS THEM DIRECTLY ACROSS THE PLANTATION...

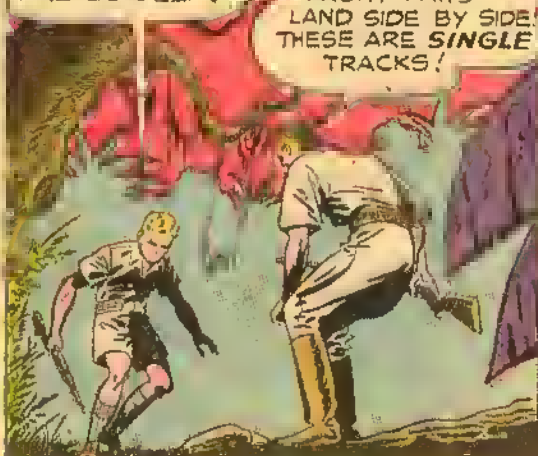
SEEMS TO ME THIS LEOPARD TOOK AWFULLY LONG STEPS, DAD!

IT'S THE FIRST LEOPARD I'VE EVER TRACKED THAT DIDN'T TAKE TO THE TREES BEFORE THIS. SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT ALL THESE TRACKS.



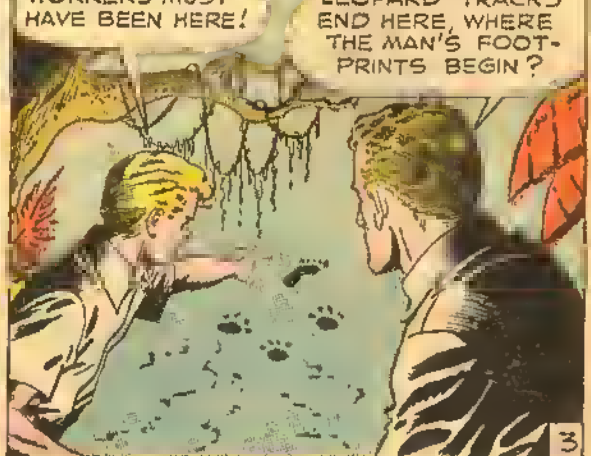
THE LEOPARD WAS RUNNING!... THAT'S WHY THE TRACKS ARE SO DEEP!

TRUE, PAUL... BUT WHEN A CAT RUNS, HIS FRONT PAWS LAND SIDE BY SIDE! THESE ARE SINGLE TRACKS!



LOOK, DAD... A MAN'S FOOTPRINTS! ONE OF THE WORKERS MUST HAVE BEEN HERE!

NOT FOR TWO WEEKS, SON! HMM... AND WHY DO THE LEOPARD TRACKS END HERE, WHERE THE MAN'S FOOTPRINTS BEGIN?





HMM... A LEOPARD STOPS AND STAMPS AROUND A BIT— THEN A MAN'S FOOTPRINTS WALK AWAY. SON!... I'VE GOT IT NOW! IT WAS NO LEOPARD AT ALL... IT WAS A MAN... A LEOPARD MAN!!



A LEOPARD MAN!

AND JUST AS FRED COLLINS MAKES HIS STARTLING DISCOVERY, THE QUIET OF THE PLANTATION IS AGAIN SHATTERED BY A TERRIBLE SCREAM OF AGONY! PAUL AND HIS DAD DON'T LOSE A SECOND!



COME ON, PAUL!!— SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER CLAWING!

CONFOUND IT!! MISSED HIM!



WAS IT THE LEOPARD MAN, DAD?

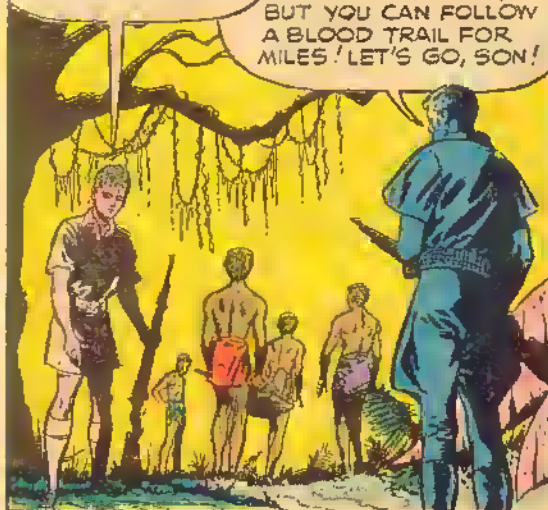
BWANA COLLINS!... LEOPARD JUMP FROM TREE... CLAW BAD.. YOU COME FAST!! HIM JUMP UP!... RUN AWAY ON TWO LEGS... HIM NO LEOPARD... HIM SPIRIT!... HIM LEOPARD MAN!!!



WELL, PAUL, WE'LL HAVE TO GET THAT FELLOW OR WE WON'T HAVE A TAPPER LEFT ON THE PLANTATION!

I THINK YOU HIT HIM, DAD!.. THERE'S BLOOD ON THE TRACKS HE LEFT!

GOOD! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED! FOOT-PRINTS DISAPPEAR ON HARD GROUND, BUT YOU CAN FOLLOW A BLOOD TRAIL FOR MILES! LET'S GO, SON!



MEANWHILE, IN THE LITTLE NATIVE VILLAGE...

DANGO!.. MUST YOU WEAR THAT INFERNAL COSTUME WHILE WE TALK?

DANGO FEEL LIKE LEOPARD! ALWAYS WEAR LEOPARD SKIN WHEN FEEL SO! ME WANT TO KILL... CLAW HARD! WANT TO KILL WHITE MAN!.. HE SHOT ONE OF MY LEOPARD MEN!



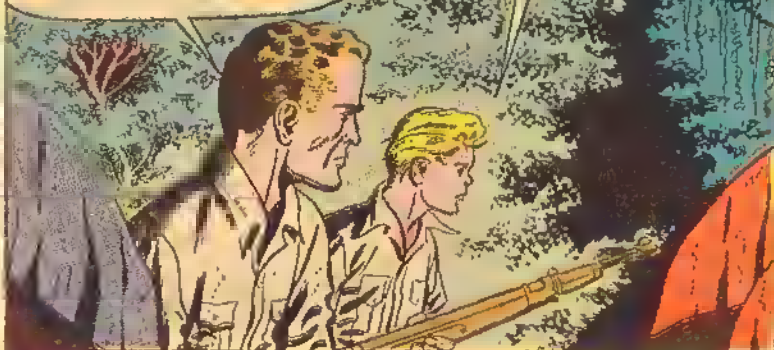
BUT YOU CAN'T KILL WHITE MANAGER! THAT WOULD SPOIL EVERYTHING!



YOU ONLY KNOW TALK! LEOPARD MEN ANGRY! DANGO KING OF LEOPARD MEN! TONIGHT WE DANCE TO LEOPARD GOD! THEN WE RAID PLANTATION!

THE TRACKS LEAD INTO THAT JUNGLE TRAIL! I HATE TO GO IN THERE NOW... IT'LL BE BLACK AS PITCH IN ANOTHER TEN MINUTES... BUT I HATE TO STOP AT THIS POINT!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE POCKET FLASH IF WE NEED SOME LIGHT, DAD! LET'S GO AHEAD!



INTO THE CAVE-LIKE JUNGLE THEY GO, ON THE TRAIL OF THE LEOPARD MAN!





DANGO CALLS HIS FOLLOWERS TO THE CEREMONY—THE DANCE TO THE LEOPARD GOD!

TONIGHT THE LEOPARD PROWLs! WE DANCE TO LEOPARD GOD! THEN WE RAID PLANTATION! TONIGHT THE CLAWS OF THE LEOPARD DIG DEEP!



LEOPARD MEN DANCE!!...A DANCE OF DEATH! DEATH TO ALL MEN WHO GROW RUBBER!



SOMETHING GOING ON UP AHEAD, SON! YOU WAIT HERE... I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



FOR GOSH SAKES BE CAREFUL, DAD!





POOR DAD!!—I CAN'T HELP HIM!!—I MIGHT **HIT** HIM IF I SHOOT!... AND I CAN'T HANDLE THOSE LEOPARD MEN MYSELF!... I'VE GOT TO GET **HELP** FROM THE PLANTATION....



AHAAAA, WHITE MAN—YOU DIE SOON!... YOU NEVER LIVE TO SHOOT LEOPARD MAN AGAIN!

GOSH... I HOPE TO HEAVEN THAT PAUL GOT AWAY....



...AND THEY'VE GOT DAD!—WE HAVE TO ROUND UP ALL THE MEN, ARM THEM, AND GO BACK!

BUT BWANA PAUL!... ALL MEN LEAVE. ALL AFRAID OF LEOPARD MEN. YOU AND ME... WE ALL ALONE. BUT DON'T WORRY... WE FIX LEOPARD MEN!





I DON'T GET IT,  
BOLU....WHAT  
ARE WE DIGGING  
THIS HOLE FOR?

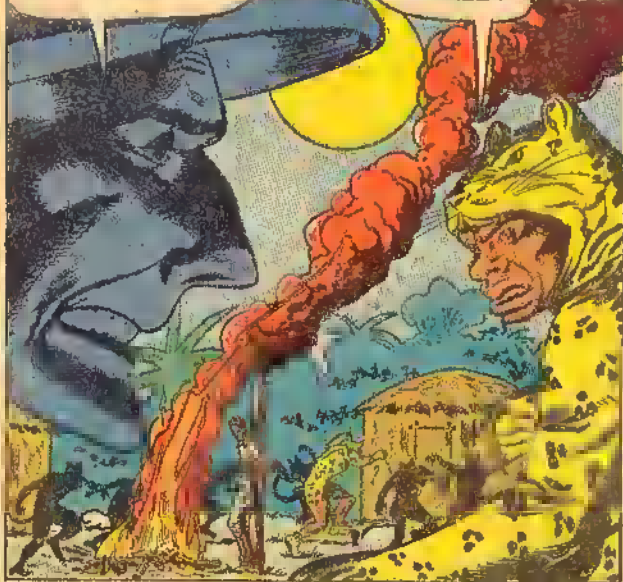
JUST WATCH  
BOLU MAKE  
THIS LEOPARD  
TRAP....



MEANWHILE...IN THE CAMP OF THE LEOPARD  
MEN, BURKETT AND DANGO WATCH THE  
SCENE WITH PLEASURE.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT,  
DANGO. KILL THE WHITE  
BOSS- AND I CAN  
MOVE IN ON THE  
PLANTATION!

ME NO CARE ABOUT  
RUBBER TREES  
NOW! DANGO  
LEOPARD! DANGO  
KILL!



SUDDENLY, PAUL STEPS INTO THE  
CLEARING.

HEY!-- YOU RATS  
IN CAT'S CLOTHING!  
-- WHY DON'TCHA  
TRY AND GET ME?

WHITE  
MAN'S  
CUB!

GET  
HIM!





HEY BOLU!!-  
HERE THEY  
COME!!



GOOOO!-TRAP  
GOT THEM...  
HERE!...TAKE  
THIS!

OKAY... I'LL  
KEEP AN EYE  
ON THEM!

GO GET DAD--AND BE SURE  
TO BRING BACK THAT WHITE  
RAT WHO STARTED ALL  
THIS, TOO!

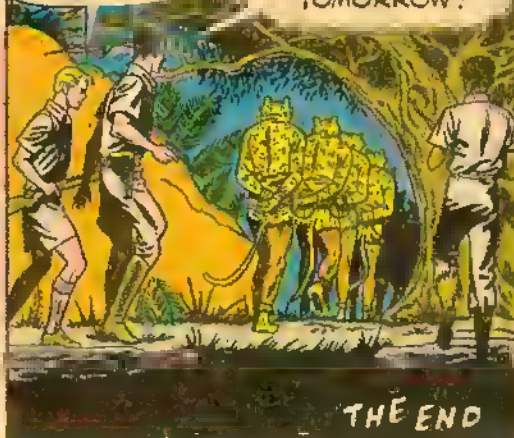


DON'T WORRY-  
BOLU GET  
HIM!

AND SOON, WITH FRED COLLINS FREE  
AND IN ACTION AGAIN, BURKETT AND  
THE LEOPARD MEN ARE HERDED OFF  
TO A DESERVED PUNISHMENT....

WELL, DAD-  
MAYBE WE CAN  
GET BACK TO  
PEACEFUL  
WORK NOW!

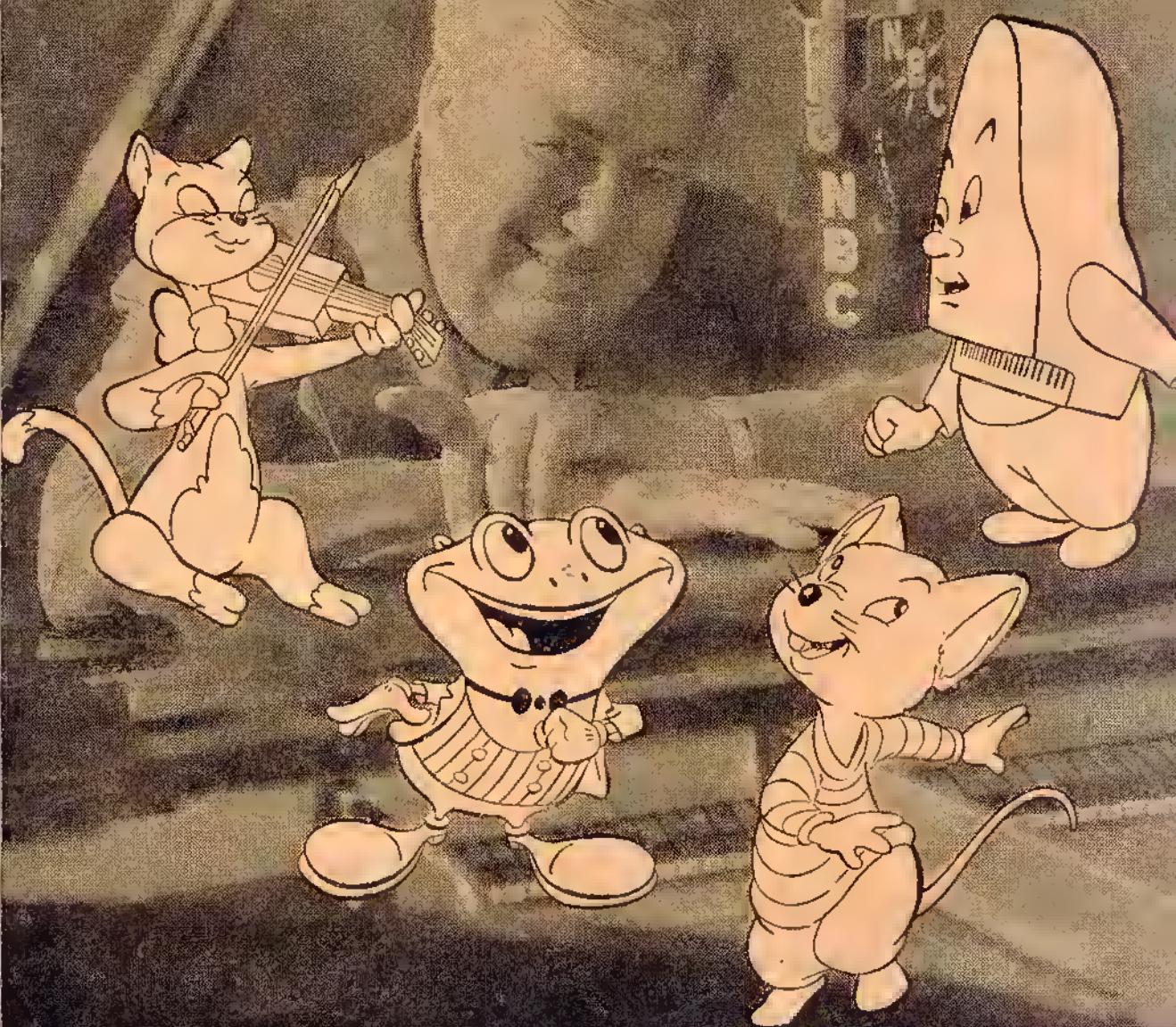
SURE! WITH THESE  
FELLOWS OUT OF  
THE WAY, THE  
TAPPERS WILL BE  
BACK ON THE JOB  
TOMORROW!



THE END



**Smilin' Ed McConnell  
and the Buster Brown Gang  
on the air  
every Saturday morning**





# BUSTER BROWN

SHOES FOR BOYS AND  
GIRLS OF ALL AGES

*As smartly styled  
as grown-up shoes*

Here they are, kids, Buster Brown Shoes, styled just the way you like them...grown-up and smart as paint. There are Buster Brown Shoes for boys and girls who are very, very young, for grown-up high-schoolers, and for all the ages in between.



**Here's the picture of the boy and his dog**

It's Buster Brown and his dog, Tige. This is what Smilin' Ed means when he says "Look for the picture of the boy and his dog inside the shoe."

